

## Fishing for Answers

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Category: Flight 29 Down  
Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort  
Language: English  
Characters: Jackson, Taylor  
Status: Completed  
Published: 2016-04-09 18:50:00  
Updated: 2016-04-09 18:50:00  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:05:10  
Rating: K  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 1,353  
Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)  
Summary: Taylor and Jackson spend time catching up by going fishing. They both are trying to figure life out after the island. They find comfort in their friendship with each other.

## Fishing for Answers

**\*\*Disclaimer:** Nope don't own an island so I guess I don't own castaways either.\*\*

**\*\*A/N** This isn't really romance but you can view it anyway you want. Mostly it was intended to be a friendship between two people who went through the same trial together and are trying to find a new normal. As relationships change and the old things they knew didn't change but they found they did.\*\*

**\*\*Fishing for Answers\*\***

The early light of dawn spread across the lake; crystal clear water sparkling. Two lighter haired teenagers sat in silence, with their poles, at the water's edge.

"I really do like fishing," Spoke the blonde girl to her companion, as she baited her hook.

The boy glanced over smirking, "Only cause we don't have to eat it," He expertly reeled in a fish.

"That helps," she laughs, "If I never see another banana or coconut again it'll be too soon."

"But fishing's okay?" He asked with a knowing look as he worked at unhooking his catch.

"Yep," she made a perfect cast.

They fished in a comfortable silence. Jackson was releasing a small fish when Taylor asked quietly, "You're really okay with Melissa and Eddie"

"Yeah they're good for each other," he looked out over the water, "Besides me and Mel make better friends. The island changed her. It changed both of us."

"It changed everyone," Taylor added reeling in her empty line.

"Eddie takes her to help in the community center in my old neighborhood every weekend. They do arts and crafts with the kids. Mel's helping him with scholarship stuff. They're planning on starting an outreach program together after college" Jackson had a fond smile as he talked of his close friends' accomplishments.

"He's okay now though, right?" Taylor asked curiously.

"Yeah he's fine now," Jackson answered quietly not meeting her eyes.

"Hey us girls dig scars," Taylor tried to lighten the mood, "Melissa's lucky."

"I couldn't be what she needed me to be," Jackson confessed quietly; almost to himself.

"Well sheâ€¦," Taylor began to argue.

Jackson cut her off, "No, it was my fault. She was my first friend at Hartwell. She saw me and didn't judge the kid from a "totally different world." I liked that, needed that. She was good to me but it didn't work; we didn't work. Too much was said and not said on the island. She needed someone that that she didn't constantly feel she needed to prove something to. I needed to free her from me, so she could be happy and live her life," Jackson spoke more than he usually did in one setting trying to explain. Growing frustrated he plunged his pole into the sand. Grabbing a handful of rocks he made his way to the shoreline, trying to skip the rocks across the water. A majority of the stones sinking on contact.

Taylor sat a moment trying to absorb the new information. After a while she grabbed her own handful of rocks and made her way over to her hurting friend.

"Did you want to let go?" She asks softly as she expertly skips rocks next to him.

"No," Even that one word cracks with emotion.

Taylor gapes at him, "Then why?"

"I was hurting her. I'm not a good person," Jackson ignores Taylor's protests and continues as he chucks the remainder of his rocks into the water, "She needed someone she could help but who could also help her. I wasn't helping her anymore; I was just being selfish being with her."

Taylor flings her arms around the towering boy and pulls him close.

Jackson closes his eyes and lets the tears he's been fighting finally flow. Allowing himself to cry for the first time about losing Mel.

"You're a good person Cody Jackson," Taylor whispers into his ear.

After a while they returned to their poles. Taylor wanted to give Jackson a chance to compose himself; so she began updating him on the going-ons at Hartwell. Jackson had once again transferred schools after returning from the island. After dealing with legal ramification from the night of Eddie's stabbing he had been placed with new foster parents, a nice older couple who lived in the suburbs of the area.

"Abby's a vegetarian again after extreme psychotherapy I'm sure. Ian's back on his feet, literally; chasing after Jory most days. Daley and Nathan are still bossy idiots who can't express their own feelings most of the time. I think crazy pilot dude is out of the nuthouse now too. Lex decided to skip a few grades; get out of school faster and probably go out and cure cancer of something. We share a lot of classes and stuff. Honestly I'm probably only passing because of him. Eric is a jerk again," Jackson let Taylor's words roll over him with an occasional smirk or eye roll at the way she described their fellow castaways.

"So you and Eric?" Jackson asked vaguely.

"No I tried a little at first but he reverted back. I know he changed because the island made him better; let him be better. After we went back to school he put his jerk mask on again. He's not ready to show he's improved; that he actually cares about other people. I think he's scared," It was Jackson's turn to comfort as he placed an arm around Taylor shoulders.

Taylor's bright pink bedazzled fishing pole began to shake from its spot in the sand. "Taylor you got a bite," Jackson pointed out. Gasping she scrambled to it before it was pulled into the water. Grabbing it with both hand she struggled to reel it in.

"Help me," she demanded calling Jackson to her aid. Together they fought against their fishy foe. Reeling in the line inch by inch as their excitement grew. Once the fish reached the surface the line broke. It sent both teens sprawling onto the ground. Taylor looked after the retreating fish with sadness. Her head whipped around at the sound of muffled laughter. Staring at Jackson for a moment she joined in forgetting her pain.

"Don't laugh at me," she tried to keep a straight face as she splashed water toward him.

Soon they were both sopping wet, laughing in the sunshine. They gathered together their wet gear; ready to head their separate ways. Taylor flashed back to departing the rescue plane on American soil. As everyone was reunited with loved ones she couldn't help but feel like she lost something. Something the island had given her in her month long stay; something she wouldn't get back. It got worse once they went back to school. Jackson was no longer there and everyone seemed so different. It was like a wall had come up where it had been torn down before. She had to physically stop herself from reaching

out to grasp Jackson's arm. He had been the leader on the island; she knew he could fix it. While the island hadn't been perfect; looking back she almost missed it. She couldn't hold on to the feelings or even the people anymore. The island had taught her the harder she held on the faster they slipped away; always seeming to be pulling. Taking a deep breath she vowed to do better, be better. Be less selfish, love more fully, and let go if she had to like Jackson had.

"Hey Crusoe I'll see you here next week bright and early," Taylor called out hopefully to her retreating friend.

Jackson nodded before answering back, "See ya soon."

\*\*A/N I don't know the name of Jackson's friend that got stabbed so I named him Eddie. He sounded kind and accepting so I thought him and Melissa might become something if it didn't work out with Jackson. Just my thought but I hope you liked it.\*\*

End  
file.